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Paris

He flicked a particle of dust from the bar and seriously inspected his fingernails. The bartender used the remote to turn the tv off, then stated flatly "So your friend had her ten seconds of fame."

"Yeah, I saw it just before I came here. What an asshole! Thank God the Pope was getting into his Pope Mobile and that made the tv boys run from her."

"Blocks and blocks on her knees because she lost her virginity." Again, this measured tone.

He fanned his hands upon the bar as if to display the rosy nails. "Lost? That's an odd usage."

"No linguistics please. This isn't an intellectual cafe."

"But it's a cafe, yes? And I always have my drink in front of me by now, no?"

"Ah but this time I'd like to hear you whine and beg for it."